Strange story

November 16, 2014 by Ratbat

Sorin and Michie (B2-spirit)

"Yeah, you doin' alright? I mean iss-iss been like 4 months since ya signed up for dat shit… I dunno, I was just…"

Sorin was so busy talking over the phone that he didn't notice the timid Vietnamese woman sneak up behind him. "Excuse me-" she said.

"G-HUECK!" he exclaimed as he fumbled with his phone, which was all the more difficult as his manipulators were much larger than the phone itself. "S-sorry, lady, could you give me like one sec?" he replied as he turned back to his phone. "Yeah, hi, ya there? Look, we'll talk later, call me after 9 or sumtin' tomorrow, I gotta customer over here. Yeah, you know my number, I don't know yours, because government. Okay, love ya." He put his phone on sleep, shoved it into a corner and then turned to the young woman again. "Well, you got my attention; ya want something?"

"I just want to talk with you," the woman said.

"Lady, I've seen you over here for like 10 days straight, after hours. ONLY after hours." Sorin's voice grew louder with each word. "Iss bedtime! Don'tcha know what bedtime means? Means GO HOME!"

"Home is here," she replied softly, trying to hold back a tear. "Nowhere else I go."

"Oh," Sorin sheepishly said, his volume reverting to acceptable conversation levels. "You lost or something?"

"No. Want to be here. With you. Want to know you."

"Okay, that's nice and everything, but you could have done it while the place was still open. There's like, audiobooks and e-books you could borrow. You could even ask some of them old-ass veterans about me; they probably know more about me than ME!"

"No. I do not want to know you there. I want to know the you inside you."

"Oh. Ohh. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Sorin was left with no words. As a retired B-2 Spirit that had been repurposed as an unmanned drone, he was not used to having close relationships with human civilians, especially not with women. Especially not with THIS type of woman. "Young adult, cute face, long hair, kinda dirty… MAN, those are some boobies she got on her," Sorin thought to himself. After a few seconds, he finally mustered up the courage to say, "Well… whaddaya want?"

"Name is Michie. What about yours?"

"Well if you were paying attention to the GODDAMN SIGNS ALL OVER THE PLACE… eh, my name is Sorin. That's it. Just Sorin. Y'know, like a bird? AH-HYEH-HYEH-HYEH okay I'll stop. How'd you manage to stay in here after the place closed?"

"Many planes. Good hiding places. Who were you talking to on phone?"

"Oh, that's no one important, HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH, is just, um… Okay, she's a friend I know who used to work here, big-ass air-beast like me, but a different kind of air-beast, yanno? Used to be the only other unmanned airplane exhibit around here. Heavy transport, VTOL, goddamn heliplane. Made this museum very popular for a while. Pro'ly cuz 'a dem titties 'n shit. Y'know, kids love'm. The titties. Shit."

Michie stared blankly at Sorin, confused by his mangling of English grammar.

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"Anyway," Sorin continued, "she got a new job, we said goodbye, she left! Gone to this super-secret science lab or somethin'; it's so secret that I don't even know the name or place, and if I did they'd just fry my brain to make me forget!" Then he added, in a sinister whisper, "Which probably means I had known about it before. Then the CIA happened. Straight outta nowhere. Please don't talk about it anymore."

"How long you work here?" Michie asked.

"Well, gee, I've been here so long, even I've forgotten. Probably like 42 years; you should check the website, they have more info on the exhibits." He paused for a moment, then added, "But that was only the time when this place was a museum; I was here when they still used it to launch bombers, INTO REBEL ASSHOLES! They're like 'this place has rebels out the ass, go shove a bomb down their throats to shut them up!'"

"Wooooowwwww," Michie exclaimed with awe.

"I know, riveting stuff right? An' I was like TOP BOMBER, BEST IN CLASS, MEDAL OF HONOR! (The medal, not the game.) I would go in, when it was night, and I was like "Y'can't see me, I'm goddamn BLACK AS NIGHT!" No seriously, they LITERALLY couldn't see me, not with radar, not with camera, not with eyes on the sky 24-7! They'd be walking around, chatting it up with their friends, 'Hey, fellow insurgent! Nice evening to blow up some children!' And then suddenly they'd be like 'OH NO! IT IS US THAT IS BEING BLOWN UP! CALL MICHAEL BAY'S GHOST AND TELL HIM TO MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT US!'"

Michie giggled and stroked the edge of Sorin's wing with her hand, while Sorin was still busy rambling about his life to notice.

"And I was there, when they were still building goddamn land expansions, on this freaking HUGE man-made island, off the coast of New York when it WASN'T scoured off the map by another GODDAMN HURRICANE! And I was there too; they wanted me to stop a bunch of goddamn riots, so I went in there, and dropped fun bombs! Y'know, the kind that don't kill 'cause these guys are OUR GUYS! GOD BLESS AAAAAAMERICAAAAAAAAAA!!"

The walls of the museum seemed to shake as Sorin's voice reached a crescendo. Meanwhile, Michie had somehow climbed on top of Sorin and was now riding him as if he were a horse. Sorin seemed not to notice.

"And then they recalled me, just so they could put a new brain in my head, 'CAUSE THE OLD ONE WASN'T AS GOOD! Then, when they…"

While Sorin was continuing to spew tales of his military life, Michie had managed to lull herself to sleep on top of Sorin. It wasn't until Sorin was finished with his tirade (which was about 63 minutes later) that he realized Michie was sleeping peacefully on top of him.

"Hey, uh…" Sorin whispered. "You- you dead? Can you hear me?"

Michie didn't move from her spot, but she was still visibly breathing, which was all Sorin wanted to see. He carefully scooped her up with his manipulator hand and stowed her in his bomb bay, so that nobody would ask about any uninvited guests when it came time to open up the museum the next morning.

The floors sufficiently clean, Michie silently congratulated herself on a job well done. Being a janitor was surprisingly easy for her, and the work was interesting enough that she was never bored on the job. Plus, she got to look at all the exhibits for free.

With the museum closed for the evening, Michie retired to her quarters/janitor's closet to change into more comfortable clothes. While she was in the middle of changing, she heard a knock on her door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and Michie saw the angular face of a Northrop Grumman B-2 Spirit bomber (drone variant) outside the doorway to the hangar. She know this bomber by the name of Sorin.

"Agk, geez!" Sorin yelled as he tried to look away. "Don't you know any dignity?"

Michie, having grown up in an environment where clothing was considered a luxury, did not fully understand why the [illegible] of exposed human breasts were anathema to Sorin. Sorin had been conditioned during his military service to react to the sight of human genitals the same way most civilized humans do–that is, not look at them–lest he be the

star of the latest national scandal.

"Anyway," Sorin continued as Michie finished putting on some decent clothes, "I got you some dinner, since you were so busy with work. Now, I tried to make that Pho thing that you Viets like to make, but the in-house restaurants don't serve rice noodle, so I had to improvise." Using both of his manipulator arms, he produced a bowl filled with a reddish-brown, murky substance, as if he were presenting it in front of the UN Council.

Michie took the bowl and stared at it, unsure of whether or not it would taste good.

"The FINEST ingredients we could afford–Grade AAA hamburger, lettuce, tomatoes, beans, spaghetti, and vegetable soup mix." Sorin tried to smile confidently as he said those words, which was a complicated maneuver as his face was shaped the same way as a shark's.

Hesitantly, Michie took a small gulp of the concoction. Sorin moved a little closer, eagerly waiting for her response.

"…It's good," Michie said. "Very good. I like it."

At that moment, Sorin's mind exploded. He awkwardly moved away to hide his expression of pure, childish glee, almost tipping over in the process. Once he regained his composure, he turned back to Michie and asked, "So how do you like working here?"

"Oh, it's fine," she replied. "Not too hard. No one bother me. Get to see many things."

"Well that's good, I had to pull a few strings to make it happen. Did you know that you can win a lot of arguments just by being a goddamn huge black triangle of steel death? It's- that's science fact."

There was a moment of silence as Michie continued to eat/drink the chunky brew.

"So, eh, you still haven't told me why you been livin' here," asked Sorin.

"Not important right now," said Michie while she set aside the empty bowl.

"Oh, c'mon, you asked me things that I didn't think were important, so you could at least return the favor, lady."

Michie took a deep breath. "Used to live in small village. See mommy and daddy every day. Then bad men came."

"Oh, I don't like where this is goin'."

"Bad men take everything. House. Family. Nothing left." Michie was on the verge of crying. "Had to go to city. Take many jobs. Very hard. Then one day, big plane find me."

"Ohhhhhh."

"Plane like you; very nice, very smart. Take me to this island."

"Yeah, I think I remember that guy. He was here for a special exhibition on hybrids and other bigass aircraft." The realization hit Sorin a second later. "Ah, and that's why you so interested in me is it?"

"No, I don't like you because you are plane." She rubbed the side of Sorin's wing with her index finger. "I like you because you are good plane."

"Well, I ain't THAT good…"

"Why? Why are you not good?"

"Uh, listen…" Sorin thought long and hard about what he should say–would she understand? Would she think less of him for what he was about to say? "I've come this far," Sorin thought to himself, "so the hell with it." He turned to Michie with a face as serious as it could be. "I'm a goddamn bomber. That means I kill people. All my life I've been told to kill people. And I do that. Killing people. You think killing people is a good thing?"

ng is bad."

“That’s right, killing is bad. But there are bad people who kill other people, so we have to kill those bad people, so that they don’t kill other people. Get it?”

“I get it.”

“Yeah, I’ve killed a lot of people. But all of them were bad people. At least, I think they were bad people. I might have killed some good people. I don’t know, it’s hard to remember.”

“Why do you not know?”

“Well, killing people is so bad, even goddamn death machines like me know it. That’s why they put these filters into our minds, so that we don’t think about it. I might have said before, all those things about my life, and how they were AWESOME? Well, in my mind, they were. In my mind, war is like a goddamn video game; you move somewhere, click the target, ‘n BAM! Bad guy blows up, YOU WIN!”

Michie started to giggle.

“That’s what the filter does for us. Without it, war is hell. Also boring as SHIT! There’s no bigass cavalry of us coming along to save the day by bombing the shit outta the bad guys; there’s only a target that we have to wait for someone on the ground to confirm BEFORE we can start blasting the shit outta it, even though everyone can CLEARLY SEE ON THE SCREEN THAT THE BAD GUYS ARE THERE, THEY’RE ABOUT TO BLOW YOU UP, JUST MAKE THE GODDAMN CALL YOU STUPID FGGN RRGGFF-”

Sorin stopped himself. Michie reentered the hangar.

“Yeah, you see why we needed those filters. ‘Cause apparently, someone decided that freakin’ huge machines that deliver gift-wrapped packages of DEATH should have the same brains as humans, ignoring the fact that human brains are FLAWED AS SHIT! Iss like that one guy I know: old-as-shit super jet, older than me, baddest ass there is! CAUGHT A ROCKET TO THE FACE!”

Michie couldn’t help but laugh; not at Sorin’s tale itself, but at his over-the-top delivery.

“They brought him back, fixed his face, but apparently they couldn’t fix his GODDAMN MIND ‘cause he started sayin’… a-a bunch of BULLSHIT, something about a ‘World Tree’ like he’s been readin’ Greek mythology or I dunno, then he went rogue, and then he came back and RAPED SOME WOMAN IN FRONT OF ALL OF US!”

Something triggered inside the young woman, as she began to listen more intently.

“So we said ‘Okay, this guy’s crazy, let’s kick his ass!’ But then that woman, that was JUST RAPED, apparently his crazy musta gone over to her, ‘cause she was saying shit like ‘please don’t kick his ass!’ and then we were all ‘MOVE, BITCH, GET OUT THE WAY!’ and then we went after that guy… for like TWO GODDAMN MONTHS!” Sorin took a deep breath. “Anyway, after that, he just kinda vanished. That’s the end of that.”

“Vanished?”

“Yeah, vanished. As in disappeared. Or flew off. Or ceased to exist. Last contact anyone had with him was over Sakha in Russia, I dunno, no one cares anymore.”

There was an uncomfortable pause as both Sorin and Michie looked at each other.

“Well, I guess you better get some sleep then,” Sorin said. “Another day of work tomorrow!”

“Sorin,” Michie spoke quietly. “Why do you do this for me?”

“Ah, eh, um, well…” Sorin had trouble coming up with an excuse. “W-when you’re the star of the museum, ya gotta be nice to everyone, y’know?”

A coy grin formed on Michie’s face. “Maybe you fall in love?”

“Love? Like, seriously? We’re- we’re goin’ in that direction?”

Michie giggled. “Just teasing. Don’t worry.”

She kissed Sorin squarely on the tip of his nose. If stealth bombers could blush, he would be as red as a raspberry.

“Goodnight,” she said as she stepped back though the door to her quarters.

As the door closed and the last light turned itself off, Sorin returned to his proper place in the hangar. Left alone with his thoughts, Sorin mused on what had transpired in the last hour.

“Love… izzat what that is?”

One of the popular additions to the museum was a kids’ playpen, located in one of the corners of the main hangar. In keeping with the kid-friendly environment, the playpen contained various model planes and cartoon posters that attempted to teach children facts about aerodynamics and aircraft design. There was even a wide-screen television mounted on the wall, which was used to play whatever kids’ movie was featured this week. (It was the third Planes movie.)

This night, however, the playpen was being used for not-very-kid-friendly purposes.

One Vietnamese woman was watching the television from atop a Northrop Grumman B-2 Spirit, which was also facing the television.

“DAS IST DER SCHLIMMSTE VERRAT VON ALLEN!” boomed the surround sound system as the constipated form of an Austrian man flailed his fist around on the screen, while the wrong subtitles flashed on the bottom. “Verrat! Bringen sie mir Fegelein! FEGELEIN!! Fegelein, FEGELEIN!!”

The bomber aircraft nodded his head the only way he knew how. “Masterpiece,” he said with a grinning face.

Using a remote, the woman turned off the television and gently rode the bomber’s curves down to the ground. The name ‘Michie’ was visible on the name tag affixed to her janitorial clothes.

“Hey, what was that for?” the bomber asked.

A catlike smile appeared on Michie’s face. “Sorin,” she began, “do you love me?”

“Eeeeeeehhhhhhhh, well,” Sorin said as he tried to stall for time, “I do like you, but more like a friend, y’know? It’s just- well, I’ve thought about whether or not this ‘like’ translates to ‘love’, and I’m definitely sure I WHOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA?!”

Michie had somehow removed her entire outfit in the brief moment that Sorin looked away, revealing nothing but bare skin underneath. Sorin tried to avert his eyes, but Michie kept appearing in front of him, like a cat that won’t go away no matter how many times you throw it out of your house and dump ice-cold water over it. Fortunately, the museum was closed and no one else was around to watch this spectacle.

“A-ah, ah, but, but, the cameras!” yelled Sorin in a panicked tone.

“Cameras are off,” Michie said confidently as she displayed her breasts to Sorin. “Nothing to worry.”

“Why… are you doing this to me?” Sorin whined as he shut his eyes.

“You say plane make love to woman. I want to see how you do it.”

“Hmm, yeah I did say that before… awww, shiet.”

Michie began to rub her nipples on the underside of Sorin’s body. As she worked her way further down to his tail, Sorin started to feel more and more uncomfortable, until it reached a head when she found a barely-visible hatch in the middle of his lower fuselage just after his bomb bay. Michie attempted to open the hatch with her bare hands while Sorin tried to grasp at her with his claw-like manipulators, but he began to feel weak and soon gave up on that course of action.

“Ahhh… lady, please, don’t do this…” Sorin pleaded with Michie as he tried to keep himself closed up, but the sensation was too much for him and his hatch automatically opened, revealing a large, phallic extension which sprung out of the [illegible]ing like a Jack-in-the-Box. A towering, snake-like mass of metal, it was deliberately designed to imitate a human penis, with an almost-invisible layer of touch receptors that sends pleasure signals to its owner when activated. To this

day, few people know exactly why all male-designated drones are equipped with these devices. Those people are the designers themselves.

“Wow,” Michie said as she admired her handiwork. “So this is yours…”

Sorin felt embarrassed at the sight of his fully-erect manhood. Michie had already begun experimenting with it, touching and rubbing various points on its surface, making Sorin moan and spasm in response to the unwanted pleasure. She was in control of him, and he knew it, and it was driving him crazy.

After she was satisfied with her examination, she grasped his member firmly with both arms and bent it sharply to the side, causing Sorin to cry out in pain and forcing him to quickly tip over in the opposite direction. She then pulled harder, which made Sorin hastily push himself over with his manipulators until he was upside-down, giving Michie a perfect view of his underside.

“A-AAAGHH! Tha… aah… that’s enough!” gasped Sorin, his voice becoming more feminine in response to him being dominated. The end of his phallus was beginning to leak a clear fluid.

Michie wasn’t done with him yet. She sat down beside his massive length and put it between both her breasts and her thighs, while her right hand capped the tip to stop most of his fluid from spilling out. Then she started bouncing up and down, rubbing her body against his sensitive [insert euphemism for penis here].

“LADY!!” yelled Sorin, his eyes diverted upwards. “Y-you’re too rough! It- it’s gonna make me…!”

“Yes, very nice!” replied Michie in her native Vietnamese, fully aware of what she was doing to Sorin.

It wasn’t long until Sorin started to convulse uncontrollably. His fluids desperately tried to escape his body through the only way out, but Michie made sure that it was plugged, causing the pressure to build up inside of him.

“GHHHAAAAGGGGHHH!!” cried Sorin through clenched teeth, his eyes practically gushing with tears of despair. “Michie, stop it! HHHAAAAAHHHH!! I’M GONNA EXPLODE!!”

“Ah ah ah,” Michie scolded Sorin in a playful manner, her hand still firmly covering the end of Sorin’s girth.

Sorin couldn’t take it anymore, his mouth agape as the pain started to impair his thoughts. “MICHIE… PLEEEAAAAASE!!!”

Michie smiled as he said those words. “Okay,” she responded as she nonchalantly released him.

“UAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!” Sorin’s eyes went wide as the first wave launched itself out of him like a rocket, gaining around 3 seconds of airtime and performing a vertical 1080 before it landed directly onto his face. His body continued to tremble as he rode out the rest of his orgasm while he continued to cover the rest of his upper body with his own liquids.

As Sorin finished, Michie looked back at her right hand, which was previously drenched with his fluid, but was now conspicuously dry again, save for a few drops. Michie looked closer and found that the drops began to evaporate quickly, leaving her with a surprisingly clean hand. She looked back at Sorin and found that every last bit of his fluid that he squirted onto himself had also disappeared. His hose had gone limp, but Michie knew there was still more left in him.

“Very interesting,” she mused.

“Are… are we done?” asked Sorin as he gasped for breath.

“Nnnnnot yet,” said Michie as she stood up, picking up Sorin’s member with her. She then pressed its tip against the entrance to her vagina. “Now you do to me what I did to you.”

Sorin’s mind went blank for a moment as his robodong [yes you can see I’ve resorted to the crudest of euphemisms now] stiffened up again, threatening to punch itself through Michie’s opening all by itself. Many things were bouncing around in Sorin’s mind: this woman, she’s done all these horrible things to him; now it was his chance to get revenge. She wants him, no, she’s BEGGING him to do it. Everything she did was a buildup to this very
ent. Everything he’s ever done was a buildup to this very moment. It was ALL OR NOTHI-

“Whoa, whoa, hold on. You sure? There ain’t no turning back.” Sorin couldn’t just mate with her just like that; there were a bunch of ramifications revolving around this one act, this unnatural union that could change both their lives forever. There was no way he would just up and jump her, right here, RIGHT N-

“Please, Sorin,” pleaded Michie, “I am yours now.”

IT WAS HIS TURN.

With newfound vigor in his eyes, Sorin reached out and securely grabbed Michie with his manipulators, turned her away from him, and started lowering her onto his metallic cock. The first few inches slipped through easily as Michie guided the tip through her moistened entrance with her own hands, but the rest of his shaft found some resistance trying to force itself inside her. He began to pump her slowly, easing her into the feeling without causing her too much pain.

“Ahn, aah…” Michie moaned as she accepted Sorin inside of her.

Sorin continued to explore Michie’s insides, trying to find ways to stimulate her to the greatest degree. His mind was also being filled with pleasure, but it was different than when Michie was handling him earlier. Now HE was in control, and no SHIT he was going to abuse that power however he could.

“AH-AAIIIEEEEE!” Michie squealed suddenly as both of them realized that Sorin had found her most sensitive spot.

His target confirmed, Sorin started to thrust faster, applying more pressure onto Michie’s g-spot. She was being filled to the point where the tip of his cock was mashing against her cervix; she couldn’t take in his entire length, but Sorin was satisfied with the amount she could receive right now. With his massive appendage growing wider and refusing to bend, Michie found the sensations becoming more intense as she encountered the feeling of being ‘wrapped’ and stretched around a solid metal pole. To her, it was both frightening and enticing at the same time.

“UNGH!” Sorin growled as his lover squeezed tighter around his metallic organ. Now the sensations were becoming too much for him as well; he knew he wouldn’t last much longer, but he wanted to give her a satisfying finish, so he gained speed and tried to brace himself.

“AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AHHHGGHHH!” cried Michie in response to the bomber’s movements becoming faster and more frequent. “YOU TOO ROUGH, SORIN!”

“YOU SAID YOU WANTED IT,” Sorin yelled back as he felt himself reaching his limit. “YA WANNA QUIT NOW?”

“DO IT! POUR ALL YOUR LOVE INSIDE MEEEEEEEEE!!”

The sound of her at his complete mercy pushed him over the edge. “HHHHHYAAAAAAUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHH!!!” he cried out as he rammed himself inside her with one last thrust, forcing even more of his length inside of her than before.

“GYAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Michie screamed as the two of them reached orgasm simultaneously, their cries echoing throughout the hangar. Sorin’s fluids started to leak out of Michie like a waterfall as he filled her up, emptying all of his reserves into her uterus. The force of his ejaculation almost propelled her off his cock, but he held onto her with his manipulators without crushing her. After what seemed like an eternity of bliss, Sorin let go and allowed her to rest on his belly, his manhood still lodged inside of her but no longer as rigid as a steel pillar. The torrent of synthetic cum that had drenched both Sorin and Michie had quickly disappeared.

“Is it over now?” asked Sorin. “Are you satisfied?”

“Hmm… maaaaaaayyyyyyybe,” teased Michie as she traced a line up his dick with her fingers. “Should try again some other time.”

“Oh geez,” thought Sorin, with a sense of worry looming over him.

Michie giggled and kissed Sorin on his underside where she lay, reassuring him that everything will be alright. Both of them were spent and exhausted, and neither of them felt like getting up at that moment, so Michie decided to fall asleep on top of him with his member still inside her while Sorin whimsically stared at the windows close to the ceiling, ting the stars outside. Neither of them bothered to notice a tiny, growing feeling deep within Michie…

B2 spirit, bomber, Story

2 Comments

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